

RECENT REMINISCENCES

Stories Eminently Worth Telling of Experiences and Adventures in the Great National Struggle.

"A HUMAN DOCUMENT"

A Letter Written by a Young Divinity Student After Perryville.

Editor National Tribune: I enclose a letter I wrote just after the battle of Perryville. It is one of the "human documents" that might be of more interest connected with the anniversary of that dreadful and unfortunate battle. I was Sergeant-Major of the 95th Ohio. Our Colonel, George W. Webster, who was mortally wounded, commanded a brigade, Gen. Terrell commanded another and Gen. Jackson commanded the division, and all three were killed. When that battle was fought our regiment had been in the field but a few weeks. I was a student at an academy less than three months before the fight.—Duncan C. Milner, Chicago, Ill.

"Louisville, Oct. 10, 1862.
"My Dear Friends: You will likely be surprised to know that I am here; but you will also be sorry to know the cause of my coming. You know, we left Louisville on the 1st, and went apparently toward Lexington, but changed our course, and day before yesterday, about 2 o'clock, reached the place where there had been fighting since morning, the altogether that far with artillery. Our regiment had its position changed once or twice, but about 3 o'clock the right wing was placed on the right of a hill, which was on the top of a hill, the left wing in the rear as a reserve. Our men while here lay on their faces, and kept that position for half an hour, but during all this time the battle was raging, and about this time there was some mustering on the left of the battery where we were. During this time I was with the right wing, and was lying about 15 feet from the right gun of the battery. I can assure you that I felt conscious that I was in a battle. The earth was lying on trembled from the concussion of the artillery, and I lay there watching the artillerymen for some time. Cannon balls were flying over us, and shells were bursting near us, and shot were slinging over our heads, but in our position we had to do was to be still. One of our men of the left wing was injured by a cannon ball rolling over his leg. I saw a gunner just as he was aiming his gun near me struck by a cannon ball and knocked back 10 or 12 feet, and no doubt was instantly killed. This part of the battle was terrific, but not near so much so as afterwards.

"I went back to the left wing, and got some of our men to assist the artillerymen roll back their guns, as they were almost exhausted. The guns were right on top of the hill which they were fired, then would bound back, and it was hard to roll them up again. Our left wing was then ordered to some woods to support other regiments, but when we got there our men had driven them back with yell, and they had run over the hill out of sight of us. I forgot to say that before I left the right I had the pleasure of seeing the rebels run, who were under fire of the battery near us. (This battery is the 19th Ind. and belongs to our brigade.)

"Now the battle was raging. The air was filled with smoke, and the roaring of the cannons and the rattle of the musketry was almost deafening. Our regiment was then placed in a piece of woods to the rear of where we had been, and we had then our first fire. Our men, who a little confused in getting arranged, stood up to it well. We could see plainly the columns of rebels approaching and their hateful flags flying. I had found a musket and a box of ammunition, and took my place with the boys, and really fought some, and I also did the duties of my position, namely, to aid keeping the men in order. We were then moved a little higher up the hill, and renewed the fire with terrible earnestness. Our men would step to the top of the bank, take aim and fire and step back under the bluff and load. Here we lost a good many of our men either killed or wounded. The ammunition I had borrowed gave out, and I furnished myself from the body of a dead man. Col. Webster, who had been everywhere in his brigade nobly directing his men, was now (about 2 o'clock) in the rear of our regiment, about 20 feet from me. I had fired and had turned around and was just in the act of loading, when I saw him fall. I dropped my gun, and was the first at his side. He told me he thought he was mortally wounded, and prayed for God to have mercy on his soul. He also said: 'Tell my dear wife and children they were last in my thoughts.'

"Some soldiers assisted me in carrying him down farther into the woods, and laid him on a tree trunk. He had entered his right hip, and he was bleeding profusely. I then started to hunt the surgeons, but did not get any, but I managed to get a little brandy and a canteen of water, after running more than a mile. It was not getting dark, but the smoke on the field made it so. As I was returning, met some soldiers carrying him, and after administering the brandy we carried him until we met an ambulance, and he was then hauled to a house about a mile from the battlefield, used as a hospital. We carried him thru the crowds of wounded, who covered the ground all around the house, and got him into a small room, the floor of which was lined with the wounded. Here the ball was taken out. It had entered the right side of the hip, passed thru the lower part of his body, and had lodged on the inside of the skin on the left side of the left hip. It was easily cut out. I stayed with him about half an hour, doing all I could to make him comfortable. (You know, I had no particular friends in the regiment, while most everyone was busy tending to the wants of the wounded ones.) It was a dreadful place to be in; the shrieks and groans of the wounded were awful, and it was not until I was seated here, beside the bed of the Colonel, that I realized what dreadful things had been passing around me.

"Col. Poorman came, and it was concluded best to take Col. W. from here and carry him farther back. He expressed a desire that his wife should be sent for, and I was directed to come for her. She, Mrs. Poorman, and Mr. Shane had been in the city waiting, thinking that we might stop at some place and that they might join their husbands. When I left the field to attend to Col. W. the battle was raging fiercely, and continued until a little after dark, when firing ceased, and when I left it was quiet.

"What the results of that day's fighting I know not. There were many reports flying, but they could not be credited. I rode all night before last, and all day yesterday (in all nearly 70 miles), and got here last night about 2 o'clock. My horse gave out about 2

miles from here, but I got into an express wagon and came in. When I got here, to my disappointment, I found the ladies had concluded that they had waited long enough, and had started home on the mail boat at 11 o'clock yesterday morning. I sent a dispatch to meet Mrs. W. at the boat, and if she sees it will likely return here this evening, and we will start for Perryville.

"When I got here last evening I was about exhausted. The night before the battle I hardly got to sleep any. Marched all day, rode so far, and all that, with little food and little water. The fight was no doubt renewed yesterday morning. What the results were it is not known here, but I think we will whip them.

"I suppose you would like to know my feeling during the battle. I think mine was likely got to be a little better. The first fire did scare me a little, but that was soon over, and when the battle was the fiercest, when men were falling all around me and the balls falling like hail, I felt perfectly calm. I knew that my life was in the hands of God, and that He, who had numbered the very hairs of my head, would be my protection, and I have perfect faith that He always will be, and I yet may fall in battle or die away from home, I feel that all will be well, and hope that you, my dear parents, brothers and sisters, will feel so, too. There are many other things about the battle I might tell you, but I have not the time. I did not see Dr. Lewis after the battle, but he was busy with the wounded. I met Jim Theaker and Bill Duff, who were at that time unhurt. They were killed and wounded yesterday, but I have yet to learn. Direct letters via Louisville. I sent a dispatch to Lewis last night, which you will hear from to-day or to-morrow.

"Your affectionate son and brother,
"Duncan C. Milner."

RATTLESAKE SUPPER.

Some Reminiscences of the March from Mobile to Montgomery, Ala.

Editor National Tribune: Directly after the capture of Mobile, the Sixteenth Corps received orders to proceed by land to Montgomery, about 200 miles distant, and on April 13, 1865, we moved out from near Fort Blakely for a long march to the first Capital of the Confederacy.

The route taken was over the old post line, and lay, for most part, through a lonesome and almost interminable pine forest, for which this section of Alabama was then noted. The country through which they were made was rich, indeed, in stately pine trees, but still was the poorest part of the State, from the fact that it was only slightly cultivated. In places few and far between, very sparse, were inhabited by occasional "poor whites," and seemed but one vast, almost unbroken wilderness, save for the distance of some 100 miles after leaving Blakely. The weather was hot, the roads were rough and dusty, and many of the men were afflicted with sore feet before arriving at the journey's end.

It was reported, at first, that the troops would pass through Selma, Ala., and as the regiments were toiling along one day some English soldier had placed a sign on a tree where all could easily read it the following notice: "To Selma, 150 miles, sore feet or no sore feet."

Still further on, another pioneer guideboard appeared in conspicuous position having this announcement, "To good living 110 miles," and the scarcity of chickens, pigs and fowls of all kinds in that particular vicinity, with the abundance in which they were subsequently found after getting out of the hands of the southern Alabama, fully corroborated the truthfulness of the witty intimation.

After our march had continued for a number of days through this almost unbroken wilderness, the army entered an open, rich-soiled portion of the State, presenting many evidences of cultivation and civilization. The inhabitants along the line of march now appeared much more prosperous and intelligent than the few denizens of the pine forests, whom we had occasionally met since departing from Blakely. Having heard of the approaching Federal column, they now, on our arrival, professed loyalty to the Union, and in few instances displayed the American flag from their residences. At almost every house a white flag appeared, which denoted submission and friendship on the part of the occupants, who asked protection for their premises.

At the residence of one old lady, who appeared very patriotic, was to be seen hung up over the doorway the following notice, printed in large though rough and unsymmetrical letters: "The United States of America forever," and as the 95th Ill. passed by its regimental band struck up "Yankee Doodle," which pleased the aged matron exceedingly. During the march through the pine forest section of lower Alabama, some of the comrades of the 95th Ill. decided that in their march they were usually found along the route of such expeditions, they would partake of a rare bit of food which came into their hands about a mile from the river. The 44th Mo. after getting into camp one evening, had slain a huge rattlesnake, which measured full six feet in length, and whose tail contained a dozen rattles. It was a monstrous reptile of the kind, fat, sleek and venomous, its appearance fully demonstrating that if human beings could not find enough in the wilderness to grow fat on, rattlesnakes could.

The comrades of the 95th Ill. above referred to, procured this snake from the 44th Mo. for the purpose of trying his fat, saving the oil, and making a meal of his flesh! And before sleeping that night it was actually served up to the hungry men of the 95th Ill. the most delicious repast they had partaken of in a long time.

Later in the evening, some of these comrades broiled a piece of a large cooked rattlesnake up to regimental headquarters and offered it to the Colonel and Staff, but we thanked the boys for their kindness, assured them we had already eaten, to the full, our evening meal of common "army rations," and that we did not care to indulge in their kindly-proffered dish, not even as a dessert.

Many other interesting and amusing incidents occurred on our march to Montgomery, which must be omitted here, lest my article become too lengthy, and will close by stating that, owing to our long and isolated march through the wilderness, we did not receive reliable news of Lee's surrender to Grant until we had nearly reached that city, and we had, in fact, continued on the warpath, looking for the enemy and ready for action several days after peace had been proclaimed at Appomattox.—Wales W. Wood, Adjutant, 95th Ill., Belvidere, Ill.

The Spies at Franklin.

Editor National Tribune: I have just read your Chapter XXII of "The Army of the Cumberland," and read to the hanging of the two spies, Col. Auton and Maj. Dunlop. I have a very minute account of the affair from Capt. Caleb Boles, of the 55th Ind. Co., Capt. E. Baird's regiment, who was sent after the spies and who next day superintended the hanging. It differs somewhat from your account. One comrade of the 55th Ind. (Co. A) was from my own County (Parke) in Indiana. I afterward became well acquainted with Col. Baird, recognized as the greatest lawyer in western Indiana. He resided in Terre Haute, would get on periodical sprees, and died in the insane asylum about 25 years ago.

Col. Baird's version of the story, as he was in command of the post. These pretended inspecting officers came to him, apologized for their lack of uniform, that their baggage had not been packed, and that they were out-of-the-way place, but relied on their credentials, which they showed. At first Col. Baird did not suspect them. As they were waiting for him, he sent a post or fence smoking his pipe, in a deep sleep. Suddenly he called out: "Ole Boles, blanked if there ain't something wrong about this. Found and taken some men and bring them back."

Col. Baird was very eccentric, and always called Capt. Boles "Ole Boles." Boles overhauled them and brought them back. No man he ever cross-examined ever got away with a lie in his mouth. The prisoners were taken down to the "Ole Boles" was directed to hang them. He told me it was the most trying task of his life. Col. Auton told me: "I drew my revolver to shoot you and run, but I gave Boles his watch to send to his wife, and requested Boles not to tie his hands. Boles said:

"But you will unconsciously struggle to free yourself."
"No, he positively would not," he said. When a relative of Gen. R. E. Lee, when the train was driven from under him, the noose of the rope caught over his ear and was not choking him; he raised his left hand half way to his neck and pointed to the defect, which Boles noticed, and tied it off so that he could see it. He dropped his hand by his side and died without grabbing at the rope. He told Boles that he was doing a humane act, and that through the post without the sacrifice of a life.

Gen. Rosserans telegraphed to send the spies to him to be tried. Col. Baird replied: "I have tried them, found them guilty and hung them."
There is a man in the Treasury Department, Capt. John B. Reynolds, who was Sergeant-Major in Baird's regiment, who can tell you every detail of this affair. He was later Captain of a negro company, and master of my home town (Rockville). He has been nearly 20 years in Washington.—John T. Campbell, Soldiers' Home, Ind.

The New Market Races.

Editor National Tribune: I hope that the request for a special issue of the National Tribune of Aug. 9 will bring out many details of the New Market Races. I have tried, but unsuccessfully, to find more than is told in the merger of the two stories which show that Merritt on the Strasburg pike and Custer on the Back road chased Rosser up the Shenandoah Valley from Front Royal to New Market (whence the name) to Mt. Jackson, 26 miles in all, capturing 11 guns, two colors, 27 wagons and about 330 prisoners. This was on Sunday, Oct. 1864.

All that I can add personally is that three days before, Oct. 6, the 25th Me. in common with all the army, fell back from the Shenandoah valley and grain and taking all the horses, cattle, sheep, swine and poultry that could be found. Sheridan's design was to make the Valley uninhabitable and put an end to the legitimate and illegitimate warfare that had prospered so favorably to the enemy up to that time. Those who call Sheridan a "burn-burner" forget the great provocation which induced this line of action.

Thursday we marched 21 miles and camped three miles north of New Market. Friday we were a part of the rear guard of the army. At noon the Confederate cavalry came in view and picked up perhaps 40 or 50 stragglers of the army. At night the Confederate cavalry came in view and picked up perhaps 40 or 50 stragglers of the army. At night the Confederate cavalry came in view and picked up perhaps 40 or 50 stragglers of the army.

Saturday, the 8th, our brigade led the Corps (Emory's Nineteenth), marching at 5 o'clock. When near Fishers Hill, Sheridan halted the whole army and sent our regiment up Round Top to guard the well-known signal station there. We thus saw the beginning of the fight which culminated the next day. We rejoined the brigade in the evening.

Sunday it was very cold and windy. The smoke blew every way, and we suffered from want of clothing. In the evening Chaplain Enders, 153d N. Y., invited us to his prayer meeting. In the midst of our devotions came the news of the great success of the cavalry and of the excitement of Custer, who cried "A thousand dollars to the man who captures that gun!"—the only one Rosser saved.

I remember the peculiar sound of our artillery that Saturday afternoon. It was a sort of ripping, tearing and pounding all in one, as if a solid shot had struck the ledge and was ricocheting and rolling along the face of the mountain three or four times longer than usual. I have never heard an explanation of this odd noise.

Possibly the following clipping from the New York Independent of Aug. 9 will explain why Comrade McCoy's Confederate comrade, a doctory, wrote about the races. It is from the pen of a well-known Southern lady:

"The writer has never heard a Southern man tell of a battle between the Northern and Southern armies in such a way as to admit defeat. It cannot be done in our language. We have the news of the great success of the cavalry and of the excitement of Custer, who cried 'A thousand dollars to the man who captures that gun!'—the only one Rosser saved."

Editor National Tribune: Some issues ago The National Tribune contained a list of Chaplains slain in battle, some seven in all, if I recall the number correctly. Among others, one belonging to Wilder's Brigade, who fell at Hoover's Gap, June 24, 1863. I was a member of the 36th Ohio, Gen. George Crook's Brigade, Reynolds's Division, Thomas's Corps, Wilder's Brigade, of our Division, had the advance, Crook following in close support. Along well on the afternoon of the 24th we were along the road leading through the Gap, the 36th leading the Brigade and nearly through the Gap, off to our right from there was a battle between the two armies. I think I ever heard before or since for a moment or two. It was Wilder's men working their repeated fire, and the 36th Ohio was started to file off the road, head of column to the right. As we were doing so we met the wounded dragging themselves being borne from the field. On an improvised stretcher was a man in a Chaplain's uniform. It was the Chaplain of whom The National Tribune gave an account. He was literally shot to pieces, but yet alive, approached the bearers and asked as to the wounded man. They told me his name and regiment and that he was their Chaplain, brave to a fault, always with his boys on duty. While I had never forgotten the incident, the Chaplain's name and regiment had long ago escaped my memory, and my friend's eye I can see now, as distinctly as then, the Chaplain and his bearers and in memory heard the sound of bat-

tle as it then saluted our ears. Wilder made quick work and before we could hurriedly traverse the short distance between us the enemy had vanished, as might a shadow, from sight, but had not decayed. I have never heard of things very interesting the balance of that afternoon's night and next morning before we forced his final removal. John T. Booth, M. D., Sergeant, Co. G, 36th Ohio, Cincinnati, O.

ANDERSONVILLE MEMORIES.

Handling the Builders—The Burning Out of Providence Spring.

Editor National Tribune: I was very much interested in the article written by Comrade John S. Howard, Co. E, 11th Vt., in your issue of Aug. 23, in regard to Andersonville Prison. I wish to corroborate some of the things he says, but like him, I am somewhat in the dark concerning some things that have been written in reference to that notable place. I was one of the Plymouth Pilgrims who registered at Hotel Andersonville on the 1st day of May, 1864, after a week's sojourn on the way from Tarboro, N. C., packed in box cars like sardines in a box. In regard to the hanging of the six rascals, Comrade Howard is right as regards the man who broke away and ran down the hill and across the swamp in his endeavor to escape. I was standing near the edge of the swamp on the north side watching the hanging, and just after the six prisoners were brought in at the south side and marched up to the gallows, which was erected on the brink of the hill about 20 yards from the entrance, one of the prisoners, a big, stout-looking fellow, after looking at the gallows, he was so convinced that those in authority meant business, broke away and ran down the hill and across through the swamp.

When all was quiet, I saw through the swamp, the fifth being almost knee deep. I remember clearly seeing him pull off his coat as he was plowing his way through the swamp, and when he reached the south side he found a gang of men ready to arrest his further progress, who marched him back to the gallows. In spite of his endeavours to get away, he was bound to the gallows by being bound, and sacks put over their heads. As he approached the gallows, he evidently became convinced that the trial had not been a farce, and that they must all pay the penalty for the awful crimes they had committed.

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Regarding the washing out of the stockade, I find, upon reference to my diary, that on Tuesday afternoon, Aug. 9, we had a fearful rain storm, which washed down portions of the stockade in several places on the west side in the vicinity of where the small stream (now augmented to a raging torrent) came through the stockade. The water was so high that it was necessary for the boys wading out into this raging stream to grapple some of the stockade timbers as they were floating down the stream. For the purpose of converting them into firewood, but much to their disappointment, the rebel authorities came in and prevented them from doing so by taking the timber from them and placing it back into its original position in the stockade.

I have read much, and heard it proclaimed many times from the platform, that the so-called Providence spring burst forth into existence at this time, but I never could credit the assertion, for I went down past the spot where they say it came, and found it was almost dry, and some days several times a day, and I never heard of the Providence spring until long after the war was over. I remember the stump that stood in the middle of the stockade about two or three rods up the hill from the creek; also, the swampy nature of the ground about the stump; but no flowing spring existed there. I never saw the head of prior to Sept. 11, when my detachment was taken out, and we started on our way to the new bull pen (as we called it) at Florence, S. C., en route on our way for a couple of weeks' sojourn at Charleston, S. C., being confined there within the limits of the old race course, until the stockade at Florence was completed and ready for occupancy. We rather enjoyed this change, because

we could hear the sound and see the big shells mustered about us and heard our comrades crashing through the buildings in the city; they were being thrown from Uncle Sam's guns in Charleston Harbor.

I do not wish to be understood that there was no such thing as the so-called Providence spring, but it must have been broken out by the big storm of Oct. 3, of which Comrade Howard speaks, and not after the big storm of Aug. 9, as many would have us believe. If I am not right in what I have said I stand willing to be corrected.—George Hollands, Co. B, 101st Pa., Hornellsville, N. Y.

THE 16TH MICH.
The First Days of the Army of the Potomac—On to Richmond and Back to Manassas.

Editor National Tribune: Michigan in 1861 sent some eight regiments, which camped at and about Washington. One of these was known as the 16th Mich. Independent, afterwards the 16th Mich., commanded by Col. E. B. Stockton.

This regiment camped for about six weeks on what was known as Meridian Hill. From there we crossed into Virginia, and camped on Hall's Hill, when we organized the Third Brigade, commanded by Gen. Dan Butterfield. This brigade was composed of my regiment, the 1st Mich. Ind't, the 12th N. Y., the 17th N. Y., the 44th N. Y., and the 82d Pa. In the Spring of '62 we started for Richmond by way of the Leesburg turnpike. We marched all of one day, shooting on to Richmond. When we about-faced, and came back to Alexandria. We took the boat here for Hampton Roads, Va. By the time we reached Hampton Roads the Confederates had been making a desperate effort to reach the feet station there. We were so close that we saw the smoke and heard the booming of the guns, when the Merrimac suc-

ceeded in sinking the Congress and the Cumberland. It looked as if she were going to be able to reach the rest of the fleet, but she struck a snag when the little Monitor steamed out to meet her and soon crippled her so badly that she was forced to put back up the river for repairs. We landed at Hampton Roads, and were soon on our way to Yorktown and from there to Richmond. We took part in the "Seven Days' Battle," and finally wound up at Harrison's Landing, on the James River, Virginia. We left Harrison's Landing on the 14th of August, and marched by a roundabout way to Yorktown, where we camped in the Spring on the same ground we were on before. It was a sad sight as with un-covered heads we mourned the loss of the boys who fell in the fighting before there. We were marching toward Manassas, where we could hear the booming of cannon as the fight was steadily making a charge on the enemy's lines in a railroad cut, but were driven back by the rebels with great loss to our brigade. The vessel Merrimac was making a desperate effort to reach the feet station there. We were so close that we saw the smoke and heard the booming of the guns, when the Merrimac suc-

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